

No Anxious Moments When You Bake With A



Glenwood

The Range that "Makes Cooking Easy"

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE.

The Times' Daily Short Story.

Won by Card.

(Original.)

Miss Bursley sat in the library of her residence at a card table opposite Mr. Hauxhurst. They were both young, handsome and to the manner born. Miss Bursley had inherited a small fortune, the remains of a large one, and had lived a fashionable life. Mr. Hauxhurst was rich.

Miss Bursley's special interest in Mr. Hauxhurst was that he indulged her passion for cards. She was an inveterate gambler. Mr. Hauxhurst being rich, she did not scruple to win his money, and he did not object to her doing so if she could. He invariably permitted her to fix the stake and to decide whether the game should be heavy or light. She always decided that it should be heavy. She had other men friends who gambled, but some could not afford to lose, others took little interest in the game, while others were extremely cautious. She knew that if she won the whole of Mr. Hauxhurst's fortune he would lose it like a man and scorn to blame her. Perhaps there were times when she fancied that possibly she might "break the bank" of his finances and be rich. Then she would marry Harry Hunter, a young man whose ambition was to be a spendthrift and was only prevented by the want of funds.

For a time her dream of making herself rich at Mr. Hauxhurst's expense seemed of possible realization. Slowly his money was passing from his bank to hers. One evening when she had won from him a larger amount than usual he looked at her with his imperturbable smile and asked: "Suppose you win all I have. What will you do with it?"

"Marry a poor man."

"To pass it on for you?"

She took up a fine hand and was too intent upon it to reply. He did not press her. Indeed, he scanned his own cards, then sat looking up at a painting on the wall. It represented the return of the prodigal, and he seemed to have forgotten the game in it. When the hand was played his was a winner, and it won a large sum.

From that moment the luck changed. Little by little Miss Bursley's winnings passed back to their original owner, and then there was a steady flow of her own possessions toward Mr. Hauxhurst. A woman in games of chance invariably becomes a plunger. The more Miss Bursley lost the higher she fixed the stakes and the wilder she played. Mr. Hauxhurst sat before her languidly dealing the cards, apparently neither pleased nor displeased to be winning such large sums from a woman. Finally there came a time when Miss Bursley knew that at the rate she was losing one more evening would put the whole of her estate into the hands of Mr. Hauxhurst.

That evening had arrived. It was the evening mentioned at the beginning of the story. The game was two handed bridge whist. Miss Bursley's hands ran well at first, and she was handsomely winning. Mr. Hauxhurst looked at her with one of his usual smiles and remarked:

"If this keeps up you'll yet be able to marry your poor man."

Miss Bursley, who was dealing, did

not reply and when she had finished said, "Without a trump." Mr. Hauxhurst "doubled." Miss Bursley "went back." This was kept up till half of what Miss Bursley had left was at stake on that one hand. Mr. Hauxhurst "went back" again.

He won five tricks and the rubber. Then Mr. Hauxhurst, instead of recommending caution to his adversary, proposed that they play a single hand of euchre for the funds she had in sight. She accepted the terms and lost.

He was raking in his gains when Miss Bursley moaned that he had won her last dollar. Every vestige of her property had passed to him.

"There is one thing you still possess of far more value than all you have lost," he said, still smiling. She looked at him for an explanation.

"Yourself. I will play all I have won from you against that treasure." Miss Bursley flushed and said:

"There are different ways in which a man may possess a woman."

"The only way I would possess you is by marriage."

Miss Bursley was very white, and her bosom was heaving tumultuously. Gambler-like, she caught at a straw. She might yet retrieve her losses. If not, well, then—she was too perturbed to decide whether the loss of herself to her opponent would be a curse or a blessing. The alternative had come too suddenly.

"Deal the cards," she said.

Mr. Hauxhurst dealt, and she noticed that his hand trembled. His nerve seemed to have deserted him. Miss Bursley scored four points to her enemy's two. Then he scored one, making his points three. It was Miss Bursley's deal. She turned a knave, made the trump hearts and was crowned. She had lost the game and herself.

"I have been months," said Mr. Hauxhurst, "working up to this point. But now that I have won you without your consent I give you your choice of what to do with the result as indicated by the cards or take as a gift all I have won from you. Which shall it be?"

She sat with averted face considering, while he remained as he was, raring at her, intent on hearing her decision. Perhaps it would have helped matters had he spoken a few words from the heart, but he preferred not to influence her. Presently she put out her hand across the table.

"I stand by the decision of the cards."

ELINOR T. BOYD.

Gave Him a Start.

Doctor (to patient)—Your heart is rather irregular. Have you anything that is worrying you? Patient—Oh, not particularly. Only that just now when you put your hand in your pocket I thought you were going to give me your bill.—London Telegraph.

Wellington and Waterloo.

Heine, in speaking of Wellington's good luck at Waterloo, says: "This man has had the fortune to meet with good fortune when the greatest man of the world is unfortunate. We see in him the victory of stupidity over genius."—Arthur Wellington (reunited) when Napoleon Bonaparte was overwhelmed. Wellington and Napoleon. It is a wonderful phenomenon that the human mind can at the same time think of both these names.

Men's Linen

In no article is inferior starching so conspicuous as in men's linen. Laundresses who excel in this difficult branch—who make their work equal to that of the famous French laundries—owe their success to the genuine

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Begin next wash day to use it. The peculiar properties of this wonderful starch insure a superior, unusually pliable, beautiful, snowy finish, not only on men's linen but on every garment or article where faultless work is essential. Prevents linen from turning yellow. The standard of quality for over half a century.

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WHAT TO WEAR.

The Tailor Made Girl Is "It" This Fall.

Separate Jackets in Smart Effects. The tailor made girl is the girl of the fall this year. The dainty lady in frills and furbelows will have no place in fashion's scheme. It is easier for a furbelowed lady to become a tailored girl than for a tailored girl to reverse the process. The befuddled maiden may take heart of grace, for some suitable styles in tailored garments will soon be found for her.

The separate jacket comes to the fore each autumn, but this season it is



A NEW DRESS—5554.

so pretty that it is likely to remain all winter. A little separate coat of deep green broadcloth was worn the other day with a frock of brown cotton voile made over a foundation of green. The hat was of green trimmed with brown feathers.

Two hats are often necessary for wear with a single handsome street suit. One should be, however, brighter than the other, and there is usually a bandeau with roses upon it. Pink and green combine beautifully, and the bride who has selected green or brown for her trousseau can wear pink with it, choosing any shade of this soft and popular color.

Tight fitting military coats are to be very smart, and some fetching effects in gold braid are used upon them. The fall styles in shoes are exquisite, and women are paying a lot of attention to the way their feet are shod. This is doubtless due to the continuance of the short skirt, which will be shorter than ever for those who have not too large hips or too big feet to stand the style.

The blouse in the illustration is a model for a young girl of pink crepe de chine trimmed with handsome passementerie and is worn over a separate waist of net. JUDIC CHOLLET.

Whitman on Reading.

"Reading, most of it, by candlelight. Indoors, up against a hot register or steam pipes, is a disease. I doubt if it does any one much good. The best reading seems to need the best open air. When I was down on the creek—Timber creek—and roamed out and along the water, I always took a book, a little book, however rarely I made use of it. It might have been once, twice, three, four, five, even nine times. I passed along the same trail and never opened the book, but then there was a tenth time always when nothing but a book would do—no tree or water or anything else—only a book, and it was for that tenth trip that I carried the book."—Excerpt From Horace Traubel's Daily Record of Conversations With Walt Whitman In His Old Age at Camden, N. J., in Century.

The City of Ross.

Shiraz itself is the most beautiful Persian city I saw. City of roses, city of poets, city of sunshine. It has always been famed for its loveliness. Under the brown hills and amid the gardens of roses and oranges there lived the poets Saadi and Hafiz and many another sweet Persian singer. Thence has come an inspiration which has enlivened the nationality of Persia, nor does this seem strange to one who has known days spent in the brown valleys, cypress shaded gardens and heights wrapped in soft stillness and bewitched by the power of the mystic Persian moon.—Wide World Magazine.

Which?

"If you feel chilly," said he, as they strolled, "remember I have your shawl here on my arm." "You might put it around me," she said demurely.—Philadelphia Press.

Let not illages, because they are common, enjoy for that the less share of our consideration.—Pillsbury.

HAD TRIED 14 TIMES

To End Her Own Life by
Suicide

MRS. CARTER DESERTED

Just After Her Wedding—White, at Whose Home She Finally Committed Suicide, Allowed to Go.

New York, Sept. 24.—Mrs. Marguerite Carter, who took her own life by shooting, in the home of John Jay White, a retired broker, made 14 attempts at suicide, according to her own words to a close friend.

Mr. White, who was bedridden at the time of the suicide in his own home, has been allowed by the coroner to return to Bar Harbor, Me., without being questioned in the investigation.

A close friend of Mrs. Carter declares that Mrs. Carter confided to her at one time that she was the daughter of a French countess. According to this friend Mrs. Carter's maiden name was Marguerite Louise Marie DeMaribean, her birthplace was Paris, and the date of her birth, July, 1876.

Her mother died at her birth and she was brought up by her grandmother. In the death of her grandmother she was placed under the guardianship of a granduncle who lived in Philadelphia. She married an Englishman in 1893, but he deserted her, just after their honeymoon, while she was ill with typhoid fever in this city.

MUST BEAR HIS WIFE TO GRAVE.

No Friends Willing to Aid Greenhaugh at Funeral of Victim of Religious Mania.

Chicago, Sept. 24.—In Zion City, yesterday, an undertaker's wagon, accompanied by a single mourner, poor old Adam Greenhaugh, the aged man who called the now celebrated victim of religious fanaticism, carried a plain black casket to the burial ground. It was the third scene in the tragedy of the crippled woman who was tortured to death by her relatives and friends in a vain endeavor to exorcise from her body the "evil spirits" of rheumatism which were supposed to have made her bed-ridden. No friends have signified their willingness to act as pall bearers. Indeed, a search had to be made for some church officer to pronounce the last words as the coffin is lowered into its resting place by the grave diggers. The grief-stricken old man must lend his own strength to this last office for his dead.

OLDEST ACTRESS TO RETIRE FROM STAGE.

Farewell of Annie Yeomans on Her 72d Birthday, After Service of 62 Years.

New York, Sept. 24.—Good old Annie Yeomans, who has made us laugh and cry many a time, will retire from the stage on her 72d birthday. She has been on the stage for 62 years. Since the death of Mrs. Gilbert she has been known as the oldest actress in active duty.

For more than a century the Yeomans family has been identified with the stage in England and America. Annie's first appearance in this country was in 1845 on the Pacific slope. Lotta Crabtree was then playing girl parts in the same section.

Queer Rowing.

The ignorance of many novelists in regard to sport is lamentable. A lady author says in describing a boat race: "All rowed fast, but none so fast as stroke!"

St. Peter's in Rome.

St. Peter's, Rome, has a floor area of 227,000 square feet, the greatest of any cathedral in the world.

Making Good.

There is no way of making lasting friends like "Making Good," and Doctor Pierce's medicines well exemplify this, and their friends, after more than two decades of popularity, are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. They have "made good" and they have not made drunks.

A good, honest, square-deal medicine of known composition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It still enjoys an immense sale, while most of the preparations that have come into prominence in the earlier period of its popularity have "gone by the board" and are never heard of. There must be some reason for this long-time popularity and that is to be found in its superior merits. When once given a fair trial for weak stomach, or for liver and blood ailments, its superior curative qualities are soon manifest; hence it has survived and grown in popularity, while scores of less meritorious articles have suddenly faded into favor for a brief period and then been soon forgotten.

For a torpid liver with its attendant indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, perhaps dizziness, foul breath, nasty coated tongue, with bitter taste, loss of appetite, with distress after eating, nervousness and debility, nothing is so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's an honest, square-deal medicine with all its ingredients printed on bottle wrapper—no secret, no humbug, hence it is not a "substitute" that the dealer may possibly make a little bigger profit. Insist on your right to have what you call for.

Don't buy Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription expecting it to prove a "cure-all." It is only advised for women's special ailments. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Less advertised than some preparations sold for like purposes, its sterling curative virtues still maintain its position in the front ranks, where it stood over two decades ago. As an invigorating tonic and strengthening nerve-line it is unequalled. It won't satisfy those who want "loose," for there is not a drop of alcohol in it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the celebrated Little Liver Pills, although the path of their kind in the market, will lead, and when once tried are ever afterwards in favor. Easy to take, as candy—one to three a day. Much disliked, but never counted.

FREE EXHIBITION

Products and Premiums of

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IN
MILES HALL—124 N. MAIN ST.
ALL THIS WEEK

Open daily from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m., also Saturday night. The general public, especially all Larkin customers, are cordially invited to visit this handsome display of 1000 Larkin Premiums, and all the Larkin Products. The exhibition will interest you. Hundreds of people in this city are profiting by Factory-to-Family dealing; \$10.00 worth of Larkin Products and a \$10.00 Premium—both for \$10.00. You save money and furnish your home without cost.

SOUVENIR SAMPLES TO LADIES

MONEY CHANGERS.

They Must Keep Posted on European Coins and Counterfeits.

"I never realized until today," said a man who had just returned from Europe, "what an undertaking it is to be a money changer."

"I came back with about \$20 in foreign money, principally French and Italian. This I took to a money changer's to cash in."

"He looked over the coins rapidly, throwing them into little piles and putting down notes on a slip of paper. When he had cleared up the lot he said I had \$10.25 coming to me."

"At first I thought he was doing me, but he was not. He showed me a dozen or so Italian coins that had been demonetized and were worth about 40 cents on the dollar. There was a nice little pile of counterfeiters that were not worth a cent, and altogether only about a third of the coins that I brought home were worth their full value."

The only consolation I had was that I thanked my stars I am in the insurance business and not in the exchange business, for my poor little brain could not carry half the things that those fellows have to remember."

The man with the coins did not exaggerate. There are thousands of different coins floating about that a money changer has to know. He has to keep in mind every demonetized coin made within the last hundred years.

In addition to that, there are counterfeiters. The immigrants bring over heaps of bad coins. Many of them buy up counterfeiters cheap, with the hope of exchanging them at Ellis Island.

Then there are the coins of the South American countries. They are worse than those of the European countries. Brazil, for instance, has a scheme all its own. Certain notes are good for ten years. After that time for every year they lose 10 per cent of their face value until the whole value is used up and they are worth only the paper they are printed on.

As one man expressed it, you have to know the history of the world to be a money changer. A peculiar part of the business is the reshipment of coins back to the countries whence they came. Often during the rush season one firm sends back a million coins, while it is estimated that in the course of a year \$10,000,000 in foreign money is reshipped to Europe and a million to the rest of the world.

Money changing is a business just like any other. They do not exchange money; they buy it, and when you go there with foreign coins they buy them from you at a stated price. When you go there to get foreign coins you buy them from them at a certain price just as you buy eggs and cigars.—New York Sun.

Cleaning the Typewriter.

The most important thing in cleaning a typewriter is to get the dust and grit out of the machine—not farther into it, as is too often the case. At least twice a year every typewriter should be thoroughly cleaned with gasoline, and then the machine should be left alone until all the gasoline has evaporated. Then all points of friction should be oiled and the ribbon, which was, of course, removed at the start, replaced. Simply as a business proposition it pays to keep typewriters covered when not in use.—Circle.

Bank Notes.

The oldest bank notes in the world are those issued in China 2807 B. C.

Killed by Success.

A bull at a cattle show in Italy won the prize for size and well being, so his proud owner made a wreath of laurel leaves and put it round the victor's neck. Well, the victor ate his wreath and died.

In Warm Weather

use Glenn's Sulphur Soap daily. It cleanses and cools the skin, keeps the pores healthy and imparts a refreshing sense of personal cleanliness. Always ask for

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Sold by all druggists.

Glenn's Hair and Whisker Dye / Black or Brown, 50c.

OIL TRUST TO REFORM

To Reorganize on "Publicity" Lines

WHENOUT LAW'S CLUTCHES

Will Quadruple Its Capital, and Also Issue Periodical Statements Concerning Its Earnings, Operations, Etc.

New York, Sept. 24.—The Standard Oil trust, run to earth by the United States government's prosecution, purposes once more to "reorganize" itself—should it have enough vitality remaining to do so after the United States government has finished its present suit for dissolution.

It proposes to increase its capital stock—now about \$98,000,000—to four or five times this amount. It will seek to avoid popular condemnation on general principles by a policy, under which it will issue periodical statements of earnings, operations, etc.—something heretofore unknown in its management. It intends, in other words, as a result of the chastening process through which it is now passing, to parade as a "reformed" trust, and in a way to "play fair" in order to avert a death blow and gain an opportunity to demonstrate that millions may still accrue under the up-to-date plan of publicity.

For this declaration a representative of the holding company—the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, now being probed by Deputy Attorney General Kellogg in this city—is authority.

This representative said yesterday: "The statement that a conference of Standard Oil interests has been called for the purpose of changing the name of the company and affecting reorganization in general is without foundation. We can do nothing in this respect so long as the company is under investigation."

"I can say, however, that as soon as the Standard Oil company has freed itself from the labyrinth of litigation now involving it then there will be a reorganization. The capital stock will be increased to an amount more in harmony with the value of its assets—say \$400,000,000 or \$500,000,000."

"We also propose to issue periodical statements of earnings, operations, etc. We purpose to give the representatives of the government everything in the way of information that it calls for, which is all we can do. If we are guilty of certain infractions of the law then practically all other corporations are guilty of the same offenses and should be treated accordingly. But we are confident we will win out."

CLERGY WARN GIRLS AGAINST STUDENTS.

Threaten to Publish Names if They Entertain Boys from Lehigh.

Allentown, Pa., Sept. 24.—The Rev. J. P. Walsh, rector, and Fr. Gaffney, curate of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in their sermons, warned the young women of the parish against too close association with students of Lehigh university.

The priests threatened that unless the young women stopped the practice of entertaining Lehigh students, their names would be announced from the pulpit.

The warning came as a surprise to many of the parishioners and was the cause of considerable comment.

Train and Track.

Trains on the Scottish Highlands have been occasionally stopped by the force of the wind.

The storage capacity of the yards of the Pennsylvania railroad has increased 200 per cent in ten years.

Steel box cars have been built recently which will weigh about 3,000 pounds less than wooden cars of the same size and capacity.

In every mile of railway there are seven feet not covered by rails. This consists of the small spaces left between the rails to allow for expansion.

Both Better Off.

"Don't grieve; your husband is better off."

"So am I," responded the young widow; "he carried \$25,000 life insurance."

—Houston Post.

The world is too small for the covetous.—Latin Proverb.

WOMAN RISKS LIFE TO SAVE MAN IN LAKE

Wakefield Society Leader Paddles Leaky Boat With Board to Rescue Youth.

Center Ossipee, N. H., Sept. 24.—All this section of New Hampshire is paying homage to Mrs. Emma Mansfield Whittemore, a society leader of Wakefield, Mass., who Sunday risked her life in a leaky boat with only a seat board which she had torn from its fastenings with almost herculean strength, saved the life of one man and worked heroically to save another, her strength, however, failing before she could drag him from the water.

Ernest M. A. Machado, a Salem, Mass., architect, was the man who lost his life, while Walter Osborne, a nephew of Machado, seventeen years of age, is the youth who owes his life to Mrs. Whittemore.

Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore were driving by the lake when she saw a canoe containing two men capsized in a treacherous spot, many hundred feet from the shore.

Jumping over the wheel of the carriage before her husband knew what she was about, Mrs. Whittemore ran to the bank and pushed off an old boat that was lying there.

When she looked for oars, they were missing, but she ripped up one of the seats and paddled with all her strength to the place, where she could see the men struggling in the water, reaching there just in time to clutch Osborne by the hair as he was sinking to death.

When she reached the spot where Osborne was she was almost overcome with her exertions, and it was with difficulty that the almost unconscious form of the young man was pulled into the little craft. It was some minutes before either of the pair recovered sufficiently to work their way ashore.

Mrs. Whittemore is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mansfield of Wakefield, and was born in Wakefield twenty-eight years ago. She was educated in the Wakefield schools and the normal school of Salem, and was a school teacher before her marriage to Mr. Whittemore, which took place last winter. Her husband is connected with the concern of Whittemore Brothers & company, manufacturers of shoe blackings, with a factory in Cambridge and office in the Boston leather district. The Boston residence of the couple is at No. 72 Pinckney street.

As a school teacher, Mrs. Whittemore spent her vacations at a summer camp in Freedom, N. H., close to Lake Ossipee, with a party of teachers. She and her husband were passing Sunday there.

STEAMER SUNK IN LAUNCHING.

Italian Vessel Damaged to the Extent of \$100,000.

Rome, Sept. 24.—While the Italian Lloyds transatlantic steamer Princess Yolanda, 12,000 tons, the largest emigrant ship ever built in Italy, was being launched at Livorno, near Spzida, she heeled over and rushed into the sea on her side, and sank. There were many workmen on board and they were rescued with difficulty. The damage is estimated at about \$100,000.

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FOR HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, PAIN IN CHEST, DISTRESS IN STOMACH, SUPERFLUITY.

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